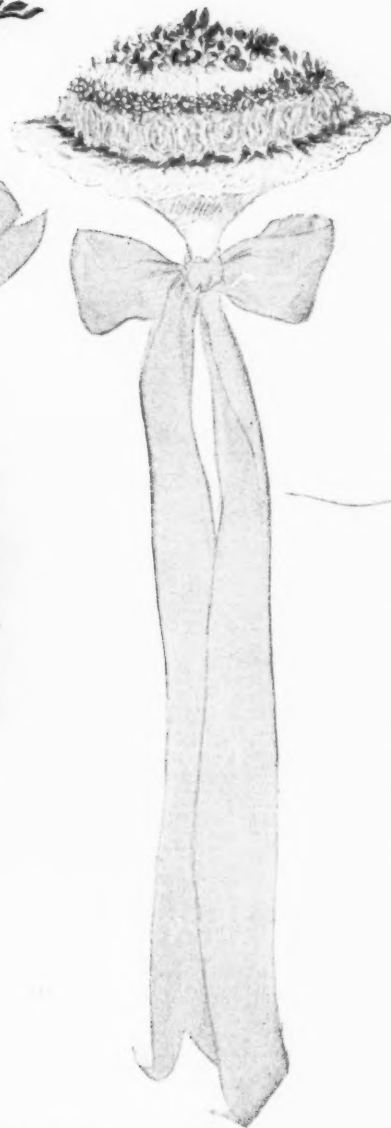
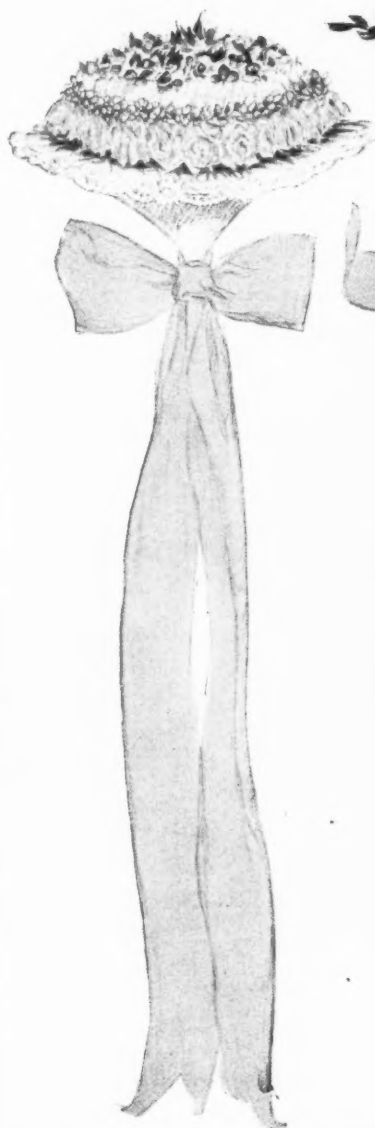


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PROPERTY OF
THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB
NOT TO BE MUTILATED,
OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING

LIFE'S



VALENTINE

FAYARD • JONES

*There is no
Prohibitive Grade
for the CADILLAC*



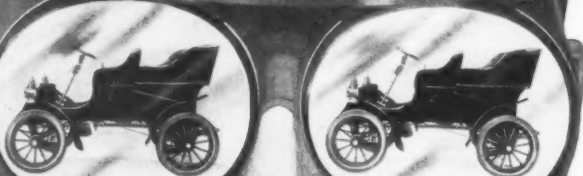
The Cadillac Automobile will go up any grade of any well-traveled road, without balk—most time without change of gear. The Cadillac does more than overcome grades—it is a machine for all roads and all seasons. Mr. I. L. Atwood, an auto novice, drove a Cadillac containing three passengers from New York to Waterbury, Conn., 93 miles, at an average speed of 13 miles an hour without a stop. This is a typical

CADILLAC

perfect satisfaction. No accident, no repairs—but
performance—
water jacket as used in latest French machines; speed range 4 to 30 miles an hour;
only two places to oil—against ten or more in others; interchangeable bronze bearings; mechanically operated valves. Model A, 1904, with the Detachable Tonneau seating four facing forward, \$850. Without tonneau, the smartest of Runabouts, \$750. Our free illustrated booklet R gives address of agency nearest you where the Cadillac may be seen and tried.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO., Detroit, Mich.
Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

The **FORD**
MOTOR CAR



In the eyes of the Chauffeur

is the most satisfactory Automobile made for every day service. The two-cylinder (opposed) motor gives a actual horse power, and eliminates the vibration so noticeable in other machines. The body is luxurious and comfortable and can be removed from the Chassis by loosening six bolts.

Price with Tonneau..... \$900.00
As a Runabout..... \$800.00
Standard equipment includes three-inch heavy double tube tires.

We agree to assume all responsibility in any action the TRUST may take regarding alleged infringement of the Selden Patent to prevent you from buying the Ford—"The Car of Satisfaction."

WE HOLD THE WORLD'S RECORD
The Ford "999" (the fastest machine in the world), driven by Mr. Ford, made a mile in 39 2/5 seconds; equal to 92 miles an hour.

See this mechanical triumph at the Chicago Show.
Write for illustrated catalogue and name of our nearest agent.

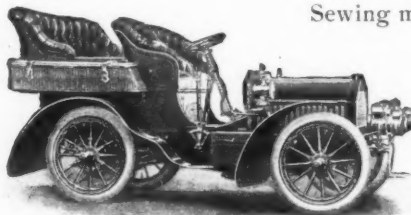
FORD MOTOR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Locomobile

Gasolene Touring Cars

EQUAL to the best imported cars in material, workmanship, and finish—but, **better adapted to American conditions.** Ample clearance and interchangeable parts. All this means much to the Auto-Tourist in the United States.

As handsome and luxurious as money can buy. A marvel of comfort and durability. Powerful engines developing 22 Horse Power give great speed when desired, and ample reserve power for hills, bad roads, and unusual conditions. Sewing machine quietness. Complication avoided.



**IT IS A
TRUE
SIMPLEX**

A 16-22 H. P. Four Cylinder Car with front Vertical Cylinders and Cellular Radiator. All 1904 Cars have longer wheel base and longer springs.

Our new catalogue is full of detailed information.
The Locomobile Company of America
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Member of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

The Embodiment of
Grace and Elegance.

From the perfected design down to the most minute detail of construction, luxury in the appointments has been combined with high speed and absolute safety in building

Peerless

DIRECT DRIVE

Touring Cars

\$3,700 to \$6,000

The durability and dependability of each Peerless Car is guaranteed by the expert knowledge, mechanical skill and quality of material that enter into it. Agencies in all principal cities.

Photographs of "The Peerless Girl IV" here illustrated, also 16x25 inches, without advertising, mailed anywhere for ten cents coin or stamps. New illustrated catalogue now ready.

The Peerless Motor Car Co.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.
Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

The Doctor Saves two hours a day



The PIERCE

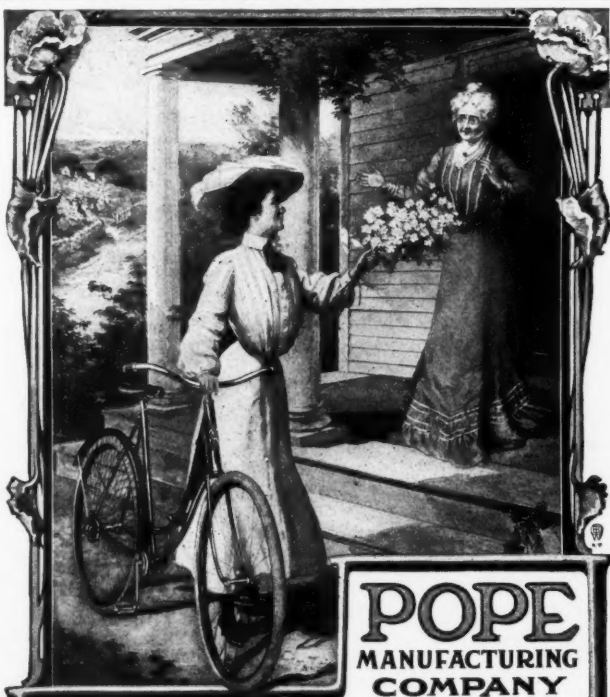
STANHOPE is built primarily to stand the strenuous demands of a physician's work, which are greater than those of any ordinary automobilist. It will save the busy doctor two hours of precious working time each day over an ordinary carriage. It won second place and gold medal for its performance in the most remarkable endurance test ever participated in by American machines. The thrilling story of this record run is told in our book, "A Tale of Triumph," sent free.

THE GEORGE N. PIERCE COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.

Members of Association of Licensed Automobile Mfrs. Also makers of Pierce Cycles and Arrow Motor Cars.

Banker Bros. Co., New York; Philadelphia, Pittsburg; Dowling & Maguire, Boston, Mass.; R. V. Connerat, Savannah; Mobile Carriage Co., San Francisco; Chicago Auto. Repository Co., Chicago; Western Automobile Co., St. Louis; Wilson & Co., Ottawa, Ont.; R. W. Whipple, Binghamton, N. Y.; Conrad Bros., Scranton, Pa.; Miller-Mundy Motor Car Co., Utica, N. Y.; F. A. Mabbitt, Rochester, N. Y.; Gregory & Co., Fresno, Cal.; George N. Pierce Co., Denver, Colo.

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POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Famous Chainless Bicycles

Equipped with two-speed gear, coaster brake, and cushion frame and All Standard Chain Models

Eastern Department, Hartford, Conn. Western Department, Chicago, Ill.
"Columbia" "Cleveland" "Crescent" "Rambler"
"Tribune" "Crawford" "Monarch" "Imperial"
Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

"Old Bleach" Linens

"Old Bleach" stands for perfect bleaching—not the hurried process, with strong chemicals which injure the flax fiber in the haste to make it white; but the deliberate, systematic method which takes plenty of time as a necessary part in whitening the "Old Bleach" products.

The "Old Bleach" linens in their perfection of excellence and whiteness are to be found in all first-class retail stores. A note or postal to us and we will mail you an interesting treatise on linens and how to wash and preserve them.

Trade-Mark "Old Bleach" on every towel and on every yard of goods.

GEO. RIGGS & CO., 101 Franklin St., N. Y.

The Kelly-Springfield Tire



The Kelly-Springfield Tire

was the first one to apply the two-wire idea, and it still applies that idea to the best advantage.

No other tire has the same good qualities as the Kelly-Springfield Tire, and no other tire will so fully answer your needs and demands.

Our booklet, "The Kelly-Springfield Idea," will tell you about it.

Consolidated Rubber Tire Company.

40 Wall Street, New York.
Akron, Ohio.

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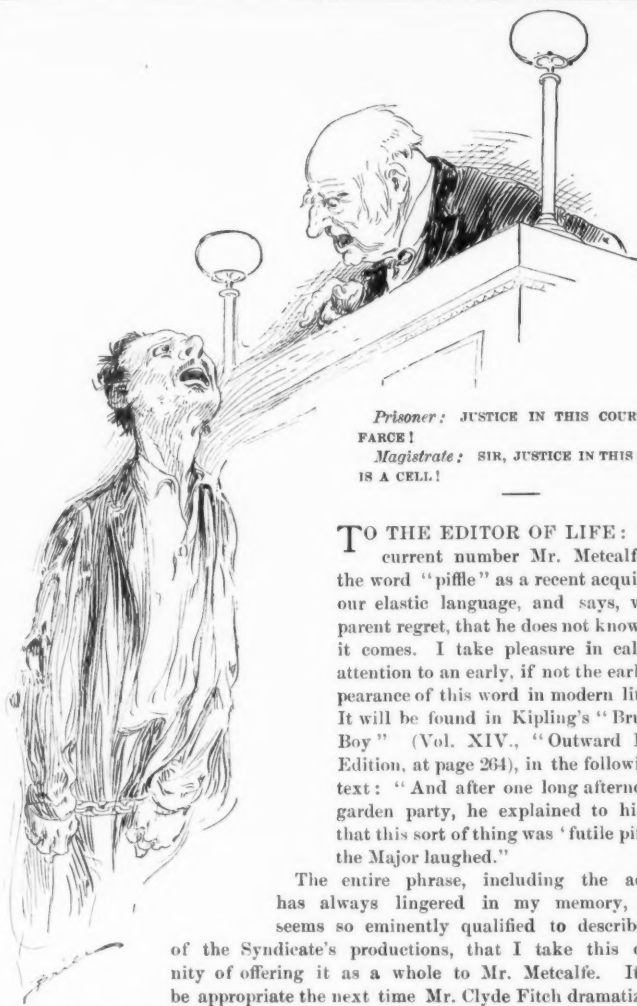
Gibson Heads on China Plaques.

Twelve different head subjects on wall plaques with blue lover's knot decoration at 75 cents each. These exquisite reproductions of LIFE'S distinguished artist, Charles Dana Gibson, as well as the 24 plate subjects, at 50 cents each, are burnt into the finest Doulton Porcelain without losing a single pen-stroke of the original drawings from which the subjects are taken.

Can be purchased at all Crockery and Department stores, or will be sent upon receipt of price, with 25 cents extra for expressage.

Book of 24 Gibson drawings sent for 6 cents in stamps.
Artistic panel showing 12 Gibson Heads in Half-tone—10 cents.

George F. Bassett & Co., Dept. U, 49 Barclay Street, New York City.



Prisoner: JUSTICE IN THIS COURT IS A FARCE!

Magistrate: SIR, JUSTICE IN THIS COURT IS A CELL!

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE: In your current number Mr. Metcalfe greets the word "piffle" as a recent acquisition to our elastic language, and says, with apparent regret, that he does not know whence it comes. I take pleasure in calling his attention to an early, if not the earliest, appearance of this word in modern literature. It will be found in Kipling's "Brushwood Boy" (Vol. XIV., "Outward Bound" Edition, at page 264), in the following context: "And after one long afternoon at a garden party, he explained to his Major that this sort of thing was 'futile piffle,' and the Major laughed."

The entire phrase, including the adjective, has always lingered in my memory, and it seems so eminently qualified to describe many of the Syndicate's productions, that I take this opportunity of offering it as a whole to Mr. Metcalfe. It might be appropriate the next time Mr. Clyde Fitch dramatizes some piece of the machinery of modern life—such as a steam radiator, a gas-meter, or a clothes-horse. The three together would furnish most of the ingredients of a modern play—"hot air," "gas," and "glad rags."

H. T. K.



THE PANSY CORSET

THIS high-grade French Corset has for over twenty-five years been recognized as one of the very best in the market.

Prominent among the new models is the Corset laced in front, illustrated herewith. It is beyond doubt one of the best hand-made French Corsets in the market.

It is made of Brocaded Silk Batiste, in sizes from 18 to 25 inches.

The very large variety of models which we carry enables us to fit almost any figure as satisfactorily as though the Corset had been made to measure, and expert fitters are always in attendance to insure to each customer, not only a perfect-fitting Corset, but one adapted to her figure.

Prices range from \$5.00 to \$28.00.

Booklet showing all the new models mailed free on request.



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The best glycerine Soap, "No. 4711." Its purity is absolute: its perfume unequalled. Used for years in the Court of H. I. M., the Emperor of Russia. Can be applied to the most tender and delicate skin.

Manufactured by FERD. MÜLHENS, Cologne, o/R, Germany.

Sole U. S. Agents, MÜLHENS & KROPFF, 298 Broadway, New York.

Send 15 cents for full size sample cake.



"I am so pleased with it. All my friends say what a change it has made in my face."

[Original photos, and volunteered testimonial, two years after operation, can be seen at our office.]

By an entirely new process, not used elsewhere, we **build tissue** wherever it is needed.

Wrinkles and hollow places filled up at the rate of **one a day**. No interruption to social or business engagements. Guaranteed permanent. No cutting—no external applications. No paraffin, or other harmful substance used.

Highest endorsements.

Consultation by appointment. (Free.)

Call or send stamp for Booklet D.

The Featural Co.

27 East 22d Street, New York City.

Not Suited.



"STEP right in, Madam."

As the guardian of the gate spoke, he bowed pleasantly to the new arrival, a stout person with a long upper lip and carrying a bundle in her hand. She hesitated.

"You couldn't have come to a better place," went on the guardian of the gate, insinuatingly.

"Wud ye moind lettin' me take a peep inside?"

"Certainly not. Step right in and look around. Everything, as you see, is in constant bloom. Fresh flowers everywhere. Green fields and pastures new on every hand. It's always summer here. Shady walks, leafy nooks to rest in, nature at its very best,

offering perpetual solace to all weariness. What is the matter—don't you like it?"

And the one who had been a cook on earth responded with a sniff, as she turned her back and prepared to leave:

"Excuse me. But Oi don't care to live in the country."

T. M.

"IT'S an awfully sad thing," said the Cynic, mournfully.

"What is?" asked the Cynic's friend.

"Something I have just discovered. It's really terrible."

"Dear, dear! And what have you just discovered?"

"That women don't go to heaven."

"What?"

"Yes. I hardly dare to mention it, but it's true. I have Scriptural evidence to that effect—evidence which is conclusive. I was reading the Bible just this morning and I came across a passage which puts the question beyond all debate."

"And what was it?"

"It was Revelation viii., 1, and it reads: 'And there was silence in heaven for the space of about half an hour.'"—*Philadelphia Press*.

Developing by Machine.

In a little more than a year of actual use the Kodak Developing Machine has demonstrated two facts—that the dark-room is unnecessary for film development—that better results can be obtained by machine than by hand.

The old theory that a negative can be successfully manipulated in development after the image has begun to appear has been exploded. If the exposure is over or under the range of the film or plate, no amount of "coddling" in the developer will save it. Its only hope lies in normal development to be followed after fixing by reduction or intensification.

Owing to the wide latitude allowed in exposure by our films, perfect negatives result from development for a certain length of time in a fixed strength of developer if the exposure has been anywhere near correct. And to correctly expose is not so difficult as the beginner imagines, there being a latitude of fully five points. For instance, if the correct exposure for a given subject were three seconds, any exposure of from one to five seconds would give a *perfect negative*. Whether "snap-shot" or "time exposure" makes no difference to the machine, and it handles both kinds of exposure on the same strip of film with perfect results.

Indeed, the superiority of machine developed negatives is so marked that a battery of Kodak Developing Machines operated by a water-motor, now does our work and does it better than could even the skilled and careful operators whom we have always employed. If the machine can give better average results than can be obtained by men who have done nothing for years except develop negatives, the amateur can certainly draw but one conclusion: that he must use it—not endeavor to compete with it.

Development of an entire roll takes but four or five minutes. The developer is then poured off; the film is rinsed; *taken out in daylight* and fixed in a tray or any convenient dish. A year's experience has brought to light the above very convenient method of fixing, cutting in half the time formerly required for operating the machine.

Just mix powders with water. That's your chemistry by the Kodak system. No weighing, no fussing, and every step by daylight. It's simple and economical, but most important of all it gives better pictures than the old way.

Kodak Developing Machines, \$2.00 to \$10.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

*Catalogue of Kodaks and Kodak Developing Machines
free at the dealers or by mail.*

In New York.

THERE is never time "to burn"
In New York.
There is nothing new to learn

In New York.
For, in fact, they "know it all,"
How they "do" things great and small,
And perhaps I'd better crawl
To New York.

'Tis the fairest spot on earth
Is New York.
Of amusements there's no dearth
In New York.
Take that famous Broadway curve.
Does the motorman e'er swerve?
No. He runs you down with nerve
In New York.

'Tis a land of rare delight
Is New York.
Things are often out of sight
In New York.
Yes, they often keep things dark,
There's indeed the "Ice Trust" lark.
Do you think it left a mark
In New York?

There is no such thing as "pull"
In New York.

Offices are never full
In New York.

And the love of beasts I see
In the "Tiger Tammany,"
But just twist his tail gently
In New York.

Yes, "Life" indeed is gay

In New York.
In the fair "four hundred's" sway
In New York.

And the "Bowery"? Well, you know
They are used to living so,
Tho' perhaps their cake is dough
In New York.

Do they need "Police Commissions"
In New York?

"Yellow Journalist" editions
In New York?

No brokers there hold sway,
There each "dog can have his day."
Yes, I think I'll go to stay
In New York.

You've heard about the man
In New York?

Who to St. Peter ran
From New York.

"Heaven's charms are very well,"
So he said, "but truth to tell,
I'd much rather go to —
IN NEW YORK!"



The Ideal Instrument

Ever since we built the first piano-player put on the market, our aim has been *not* to make a perfected *automatic* piano-playing machine—we designed The Angelus as an instrument which would enable *any one* to become an *artistic performer*.

¶ The Angelus and The Angelus Orchestral, which contains sweetly voiced organ reeds, cannot be successfully imitated because they are protected by important, exclusive patents. It is, however, the latest and greatest feature of these instruments,

THE PHRASING LEVER

which gives a finished grace to the performer's playing.

¶ By the simple devices of The Angelus, which are controlled by the lightest touch of the fingers, the performer may bring out the melody while subduing the accompaniment, accelerate or retard any passage or part of the composition, accent a note or notes, produce legato or staccato effects. Each Angelus music-roll is so plainly marked that the performer must get most satisfactory results.

¶ If you care for piano music send us your name, and we will mail free an interesting book describing The Angelus and its marvelous *Phrasing Lever*.

WILCOX & WHITE CO., SOLE MAKERS

Established 1876

Agents Everywhere

Meriden, Conn., U.S.A.

WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL, the representative of the French Panama Canal Commission, recently called on President Roosevelt in Washington. Mr. Cromwell is something of a sportsman, and during the interview he told the President a sporting anecdote.

"Some years ago," he said. "I spent a week in Germany shooting small game. To a German acquaintance one morning I happened to remark that I preferred to shoot in Africa be-

cause there was a spice of danger in the sport there.

"'Ach,' said my friend, 'you like a spice of danger mit your sport, eh? Den you go out shooting mit me. De last time I go I shoot mine brudder in-law in de leg.'"—*New York Tribune*.

THE list of silent great men is a long one.

Especially is this true of noted warriors. Wallenstein, Wellington, Von Moltke, Grant, Marlborough, Charlemagne, Hannibal, Caesar,

all gave their orders in as few words as possible, and demanded like brevity from their subordinates. It is said that Marlborough never allowed more than a minute for a verbal report, and it is told of Von Moltke that when an aid-de-camp brought a written message that France had declared war, the great general simply ordered it filed in the "second pigeon-hole on the right, first tier." In that pigeon-hole were complete plans for the successful campaign that followed.—*Argonaut*.



This Picture

one of the attractive and accomplished examples of recent American Art,—entitled, "Beside the Forest Brook," by Davis,—is reproduced in the genuine **Copley Prints**. The original is owned by Mr. Francis Wilson, by whose kind permission the reproduction is made. May we not send it to you, on approval?

It comes in two sizes: 12 x 10 inches, \$2.50, and 20 x 16 inches, \$5.00. If not this particular one, other subjects in our list might interest you. They are excellent for "gifts of occasion," as well as for the further adornment of one's own walls.

We should be glad to number *all* of LIFE's readers among our patrons. Appreciating the difficulty of selecting pictures without first seeing them, we are always glad to send "on approval" to intending purchasers. Our complete illustrated catalogue (200 illustrations, including works by Abbey, Sargent, Vedder, and all the eminent American artists) is sent to any address upon receipt of 15 cents in stamps. *The above picture copyright 1902 by*

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"You be the judge—
We won't talk back."

THERE are some very real reasons for the superiority of our \$1.00 and \$1.50 White Shirts. We manufacture them on a very large scale in ten different styles, instead of buying them from manufacturers. The considerable saving thus made in the cost is put into the shirts in the shape of extra quality, custom workmanship, hand-made button holes and hand-ironing.

Furnishing goods stores and furnishing goods departments have to ask a good profit, to live. We use our furnishing goods department to advertise our clothing business, and expect no profit from it. This is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. A conservative, qualified judge has said that we sell more shirts at \$1.00 and upwards than any store in New York.

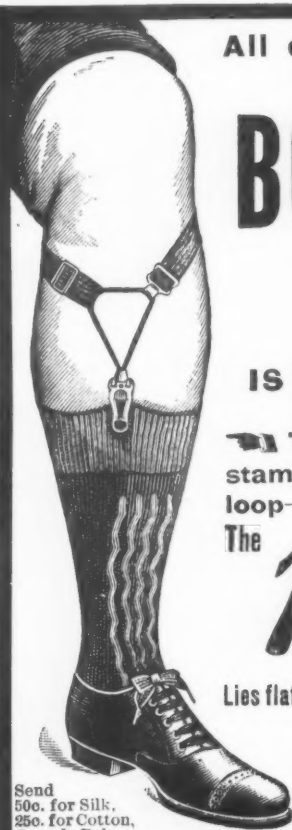
You can order White Shirts by mail just as easily and satisfactorily as you can buy them in a store.

Booklet L, telling how, sent on request.

Broadway at 31st St., New York.

Fulton St. at Flatbush Ave. & Broadway at Bedford Ave., Bklyn.

SMITH, GRAY & CO.



All over the civilized world
THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

**IS KNOWN AND WORN
Every Pair Warranted**

The Name is
stamped on every
loop—

The

Velvet Grip
**CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP**

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

ALWAYS EASY

**GEO. FROST CO., Makers,
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.**

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

Send
50c. for Silk,
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Sample Pair.

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Makes The Cake

A Choice Recipe Book (80 pages), sent free, will tell you *how* to make it.



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"I want Walter Baker's."

If you don't get it, let us know.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

Established 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.

41 Highest Awards in Europe and America

LIFE

A VALENTINE.

Villanelle.

THIS—a valentine to her
Who, unknowing, hath possessed
All my heart—her worshipper.

Oh, her laugh is like the stir
Of May rain where violets rest ;
This—a valentine to her.

And her voice is sweet as myrrh—
With vague dreams yet unconfessed
All my heart her worshipper.

Not for me to wake her—blur
That girl calmness of her breast ;
This—a valentine to her.

Unknown would I minister
To her shrine my mute heart's best—
All my heart her worshipper.

So, a nameless wanderer
Comes this song to be her guest.
This—a valentine to her,
All my heart her worshipper.

Theodosia Garrison.



"To her."

The Billionaire's Progress.

WHEN he had nothing, he had a thousand friends.
By dint of industry and some little scheming, he managed to get together \$10,000, and at the same time lost five hundred of his friends.

By the time he had \$100,000, he had dropped all but one hundred friends.

When the \$100,000 grew to \$1,000,000, his list of friends had decreased to fifty.

When he could count \$100,000,000, he had only two friends left.

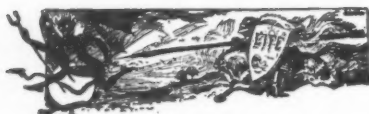
The \$500,000,000 mark he celebrated by observing that a man's only friend was himself.

When he achieved his billion, he was so sore on himself that he was unhappy ever after.

W. D. Nesbit.



February



"While there is Life there's Hope."

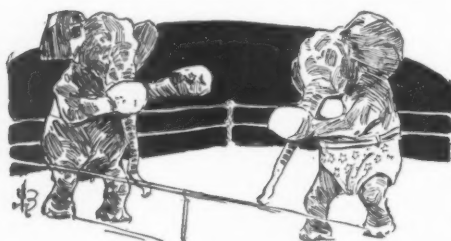
VOL. XLIII. FEB. 4, 1904. No. 1110.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.



SAY: Are you for Roosevelt? You don't know, eh? "Want to wait and see what else is offered?" So? Then you must be considering the possibility of voting for a Democrat. Without doubt there are many voters in your position, who like some things about Roosevelt and dislike others; who feel that the country might do better than reelect him, and also might do much worse; who resent being called "timid" so often; who would prefer a President with somewhat less imagination; who are just a little tired of strenuosity, and yearn a little for a President with a gift for holding down furniture. Perhaps you feel that you would rather have a President who knows less, than one who knows so much that isn't in the Constitution. Perhaps you are mad about the coal strike, or the Northern Securities, or General Wood's promotion; or have misgivings of conscience about that Panama matter. Maybe you would like more bromide and less ginger in a President. We guess you are just plain timid. We ourselves have prudent inclinations, and though, in a just cause, when driven into a corner, we can muster valor enough to call for the police, we are not without sympathy for your feelings. The preferable place

for the sword is the scabbard, don't you think? A man who carries his sword between his teeth and talks through it—but maybe that is exaggeration. Do you think he would call for a service pension for Civil-War ninety-day veterans if we reelected him?



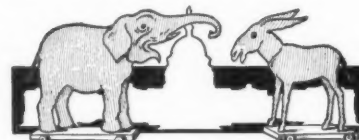
HE is a good, honest man. A God-fearing man? No doubt; but God is an ideal, and, of course, it is an interesting question whether the kind of fear he has of the kind of God he has in mind acts as a spur or a drag on him. His moral sense seems sound and strong. It's all a question of how his mind works. Do you like the working of Hanna's mind better? Mr. Hanna is a very genial and astute person. He has a great deal of political influence, and will be a power in the Republican Nominating Convention. But he is a tariff-made millionaire. There is no sound reason why he should not oppose Colonel Roosevelt's renomination, or even be a candidate himself, if he chooses; but there are plenty of reasons why he would be a hard man to elect. We don't think he wants to run, but he may want to choose the Republican candidate.

Would Root suit you? Would Taft suit you? They are pretty good men. Both of them have minds that work in better harmony with the popular mind—your mind and ours—than the President's mind does. Particularly Taft. But neither of them is likely to let his name go before the Republican Convention, unless it turns out to be impossible to nominate Roosevelt. The general opinion is that that won't happen, and that the President will be renominated.



AND who will run against him, and on what sort of a platform? Only a good man on a good platform could crowd him at all hard. Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst seem to be working together. They are both full of possibilities of mischief. Mr. Bris-

bane, as Mr. Hearst's right-hand man, has lately explained what a safe and deserving person Mr. Hearst is. But none of the facts that Mr. Brisbane adduces in support of this theory that Mr. Hearst is safe carries any conviction. It would be a very remarkable fact adduced by Mr. Brisbane in extenuation of Mr. Hearst that would carry conviction. All other considerations being overlooked, no man who permits the use in his newspapers of the kinds of type that Mr. Hearst has permitted Mr. Brisbane and others to use in his various journals can ever command the confidence of the sane part of our population. But Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan between them may be able to raise hob in the Democratic Convention, and to secure the nomination of candidates, and the adoption of planks, that will make all the hosts of the timid voters turn sadly away from the fence and vote the Republican ticket. It isn't Colonel Roosevelt's fault, but Bryan and Hearst are at present the most useful allies he has. If they can divert the Democrats from sane action, there will be no choice for Wall Street except to vote for Roosevelt, or move down to Governor's Island and throw up earthworks.



ON the other hand, if the Democratic Convention should nominate Mr. Cleveland, or some one who stands for what he stands for, he *might* be elected, in spite of the Bryanites and the Hearst contingent. In that case, Mr. Roosevelt would get a good rest and would be available for further use as President any time in the next twenty-five years. He is about the best-known man in the country and will never have to be reintroduced to the American people. Moreover, he is not politically discredited, like Bryan. Some people are very tired of some things that he stands for—expansion, strenuosity, San Juan Hill, and all that. But with an interval of repose, they might get rested and feel that the times were dull, and the country's spine was getting too soft, and that more of the Roosevelt tonic was needed.



THE PASSING OF THE HORSE.

Modern.



THE modern bridegroom led the modern bride to the altar. The modern clergyman was waiting for them with his modern wedding ceremony.

"Will you," he said to the bridegroom, "take this divorced woman to be your social wife, to have and to hold until you are both tired of each other?"

"I will," said the groom, "with the understanding that she is not to kick up a row no matter who I bring home with me, and that she

turns over all her available cash to help me out of my scrapes."

"And will you," said the clergyman to the woman, "take this man to be your companion in misery for so long as you think best?"

"I will," said the woman, "if I don't have to nurse him when he is sick, or take breakfast with him."

"Is there anyone," said the clergyman, "who objects?"

"No one," said the spokesman for the congregation. "We are all very glad of it. It makes gossip, and the mere fact that we are here will enable us to have

our names in the papers. Let the ceremony proceed."

"There!" said the clergyman, "I pronounce you man and wife. Send me a check or cash by registered mail, give your names and a description of your presents to the society reporters, and when you want a divorce, here's the card of the best lawyer in the business." *Tom Masson.*

Labor Troubles.

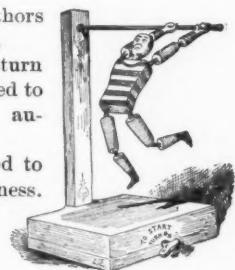
THE attempt of the United States Magazine Corporation to install machinery for the rejection of MSS. was productive of great disorder.

Every day men with high foreheads and scant whiskers had to be shot by the police for yelling "Scab!" and the gutters ran with the thin pink blood of the intellectual life.

It was the firm attitude of the authors that brought the Trust to its senses.

"We shall enclose no more return stamps until the editors are restored to their places!" declared the authors.

In vain the Federal Courts tried to force the hack writers to do business. The hacks, to a man, declined to be driven except by members of the Hack Drivers' Union.



A WIRY ACROBAT.

SOCIOLOGY AND THE BUTLER.



MISS FLORENCE stood in her pretty slimness by the drawing-room table, and fingered its knick-knacks excitedly.

"I felt from the beginning that he wasn't like an ordinary butler," said she.

"When I came into the library this morning, Aunt Lætitia, he was there looking at your little casts of Canova's Boxers, and, just as an experiment,

I explained what they were. He looked at them so coolly and critically, and then he said that the one on the right didn't hold his hand the proper way for boxing. That was when the idea first occurred to me. But you know they say it's quite the fad for college students who care for sociology. They say it's the only way to be thorough."

Mrs. Dudley-Wilde, seated in stout majesty by the window, gasped in dismay over an idea so unconventional.

"To take a place as butler!" said she; "and he had a reference from the Bintons."

"You know," the niece went on, her cheeks flushing with a pleasant sense of adventure, "you know the Phillips had one as a gardener. He wrote up his whole

experience afterwards in a magazine article. Of course, he didn't mention names, but you could tell by the description of that summer place of theirs. And he said that they treated their maids like white slaves, and that none of the servants had enough to eat; and he told how he left because Mr. Phillip swore at him about the standard roses. You know how proud Mr. Phillip is of his roses."

"No one can say that my servants are not well treated," said Mrs. Dudley-Wilde, with a certain stately lifting of her double chin.

"It would never do to let him know that we suspected, Auntie; but if you just notice quietly—"

"I've noticed it already, my dear. I felt that there was something odd. It seemed to me that he was inexperienced, and I wondered, after Mrs. Binton's recommendation—Do you suppose, Florence, that she knows his plans?" And the eyes of Mrs. Dudley-Wilde grew round with alarm.

"It may be a false reference," suggested Miss Florence, alertly. "I suppose he would think that quite justifiable."

Her aunt pondered silently.

"No, my dear," she said at length, impressively, "I see it all now. It is not a false reference; it's a scheme of Mrs. Binton's. That woman," said Mrs. Dudley-Wilde, nodding her head with a solemn contempt that did not quite conceal her nervous trepidation, "that woman has been jealous—jealous of me—because I was made president

of the Amalgamated Charities. I've never mentioned to you that she said I was too ponderous as a presiding officer. Of course, I've never noticed her remarks."

"O, Aunt Lætitia," breathed Miss Florence.

"And now, Florence, I understand this matter. She hopes this — this young man will write some dreadful article in one of those socialist magazines about the way I manage my house. She may have told him what to say beforehand, and he will print all sorts of calumnies —" Mrs. Dudley-Wilde restrained a sob over the picture which rose before her.

Miss Florence was certain that the house was managed beautifully, and that a student of sociology who would take a place as butler was far too earnest a seeker after truth to be guilty of writing calumnies. But her aunt was not to be lightly reassured. There were ways of twisting the truth, she said. Was not Mr. Dudley-Wilde most shamefully misquoted once in an interview on the Chinese question?

"And do you remember, Florence, what your uncle said last night at table about alms-giving? He only meant that we shouldn't give thoughtlessly, but I know—I know that we shall have the Bintons reading that he wants to let the masses starve."

Mrs. Dudley-Wilde sank back in her chair augustly helpless before the problem which confronted her. Miss Florence embraced her aunt in wordless sympathy, and observed with a thrill the new butler passing down the hall, with a long, easy stride. To have the household written up might be dreadful, but the situation was not without interest. She regretted somewhat that she was going out to luncheon, and she came back in the late afternoon with a feeling of anticipation, which the sight of her aunt's correct and imposing mansion had never brought to her before.

There were to be guests for dinner that evening, and her aunt was in the dining-room. From across the hall her voice could be heard, in a nervous note that rarely disturbed its conscious suavity, as she gave directions to the butler.

"We have some friends dining with us to-night, Mildway, and I wish the table to look very pretty. Eliza will show you about the right dishes and the silver. It is not just display, you understand; it is the wish to place the best we have before our friends." (Evidently the magazine criticisms were present to the lady's mental vision.) "And don't you think, Mildway, that you might set down the plates a little more gently? I am sure it was quite inadvertent, but you spilled the soup in passing it last night. And now, about the wine—"

Mrs. Dudley-Wilde joined her niece in a state bordering on nervous prostration.

"I think he was shocked that we should serve three kinds of wine, Florence. I hope he won't write anything awful about orgies and excess. So many of these reforming people say things like that. But all the socialists drink beer, and that seems to me quite as bad." The lady sat down with a sigh. "It's very wearing having such an unusual servant. He's broken one of the tumblers from my beautiful new set, and I had to be as polite about it as

though he was a guest. I should like so much just to send him away, but then he'd say I was a tyrant. And he has such a way of examining things—he opened one of the book-cases to-day—and I'm sure he listens about the hall—"

"They call that getting material, Aunt Laetitia."

"He waits so dreadfully," wailed Mrs. Dudley-Wilde, "I don't know what those people to-night will think of me."

Florence was ashamed that she found all this exciting.

"I'll see that the table is set right, Auntie," she volunteered, guiltily.

The table looked pretty, the dinner was choice, but Mrs. Dudley-Wilde, instead of presiding with her usual formal urbanity, displayed an abstraction which threw a damper on the feast. It was not only that Mildway's awkwardness kept her in a state of panic—luckily, hers was the shoulder on which he happened to spill claret—but Florence soon perceived that she was not only worried as to the impression the butler might make on her guests, she was also concerned about the impression her guests were producing on Mildway. She turned the conversation steadily away from all frivolities, and started old Mr. Kent, whom every one dreaded to see take the floor, on a long-winded diatribe against the last great strike and the wrongs of workingmen. Mr. Kent's opinions were such as the most sociological butler could not take exception to, but when Mr. Dudley-Wilde, from a pugnacious love of argument, was fain to take the other side, his wife switched the conversation desperately, and was forced to give way to the light-minded spirits who were discussing vaudeville. Florence, while her right-hand neighbor expressed enthusiastic admiration of a newly-appeared acrobat, looked furtively at Mildway, and felt a chill creep over her as she saw that, instead of passing the champagne, he was listening to the conversation with a scornful smile. That her aunt had seen it too, she was convinced by the entire irrelevancy of Mrs. Dudley-Wilde's breathless remark that she was so grieved to hear a new revolution was threatened in Bolivia.

From beginning to end that dinner was a martyrdom to the hostess. Even when the men had been left to their cigars, and Mildway was passing coffee in the drawing-room, the women fell upon the eternal servant question, and the iniquity of maids who objected to wearing caps. The consensus of opinion was anything but Democratic, and she saw her house described as the stronghold of an oppressive aristocrat. When the last guest had—willingly enough—departed, their host—himself vaguely dissatisfied and disappointed—was amazed at his wife's state of depression.

The party had broken up early, and by midnight the household was asleep. Florence, an hour later, was awakened by a sense of something unusual, and listening, became conscious of suspicious noises down-stairs. When, in a state of great tremor and alarm, she ventured to peer out into the hall, she saw her uncle disappearing down the stairs, while her aunt stood wringing plump hands at the top.

"It's burglars," said Mrs. Dudley-Wilde, in a frantic whisper. "Your uncle will be killed."

"Let us go down, too," said Florence, with desperate courage, and very cautiously they descended. They had reached the last step, when Mr. Dudley-Wilde threw open the dining-room doors, and, brandishing his revolver, disclosed to view a dim circle of light from a lantern on the sideboard, and, busily packing up the silver, the awe-inspiring Mildway.

Mr. Dudley-Wilde swung his revolver with a mad shout, and Mildway dropped forks and spoons with a crash.

"So, sir!" said the master. "Don't move! Florence, telephone for the police."

Mildway advanced calmly to the centre of the floor, with the long stride which had impressed Florence as being so unlike a butler.

"Don't shoot, sir. I'll give in quiet," he said serenely.

At the same moment, he made a sudden rush. Mr. Dudley-Wilde raised the revolver. Mildway made a spring, lighted deftly on his captor's shoulders, turned a somersault into the dimness of the hall, and disappeared into the darkness with a soft patter of stockinged feet. Mr. Dudley-Wilde followed, and presently his voice was heard shouting, "Stop, thief!" in the street.

The mistress of the house sank upon the stairs in a fainting heap, and Florence was occupied for some time in trying to soothe her. Servants crowded into the hall; neighbors clamored at the door-bell; the night watchman appeared, protesting faithfulness; but before Mr. Dudley-Wilde appeared, breathless, dishevelled, wrapped in a policeman's overcoat, but beamingly triumphant, calmness had returned to the household, and aunt and niece were counting the rescued silver.

"They've got him," the master announced cheerfully. "Went to the station house and saw him locked up. He's an old hand—robbed a circus troupe two months ago. Used to do acrobatic turns with these traveling shows. The police have been looking for him ever since."

"O, Aunt Laetitia!" sobbed Florence, viewing the dents in the largest fruit dish. "That's how he knew about the boxing. It's all my fault for making such a stupid mistake!"

Mrs. Dudley-Wilde picked up the sugar bowl with a return of her ancient majesty.

"My dear," she said magnanimously, "I was mistaken, too; I misjudged poor dear Mrs. Binton. But I'm only glad we were wrong. At least," and she heaved a sigh of relief, "there is nothing mortifying about a burglary."

And her husband stared at her in bewilderment.

Finis.

Death and the Hatchet.



WILLS of millionaires remind us,
We can make our deaths exciting;
And, departing, leave behind us
All our wives' relations fighting.

Bertrand Shadwell.

Made Some Reservation.

A MAN who bought stock in a co.
Inquired if its value would go.
They told them it could,
And it probably would
Provided the price didn't slo.



Which Is the Meanest Railroad in the United States?

\$100.00 FOR THE BEST ANSWER.

CONDITIONS.

No contribution must exceed three hundred words in length. In making the award of the prize brevity will be taken into consideration.

The Editors of LIFE shall be the judges of the merits of the contributions, and their decision shall be final.

Contributions should have the name and address of the sender. Under no condition will they be returned.

The competition will close March 15, 1904, and no contributions received after that date will be entitled to compete for the prize.

Address all contributions to the Railroad Editor of LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

NUMBER 2.

Have you ever been to Chicago over the B. and O.? I have. The first night I changed berths three times as we went around curves. Once we ran into a freight train, and I called the conductor and said:

"Is this an accident?"

"No," said the conductor, "it's the regular thing."

I once looped the loop at Coney Island, but I like the B. and O. better.

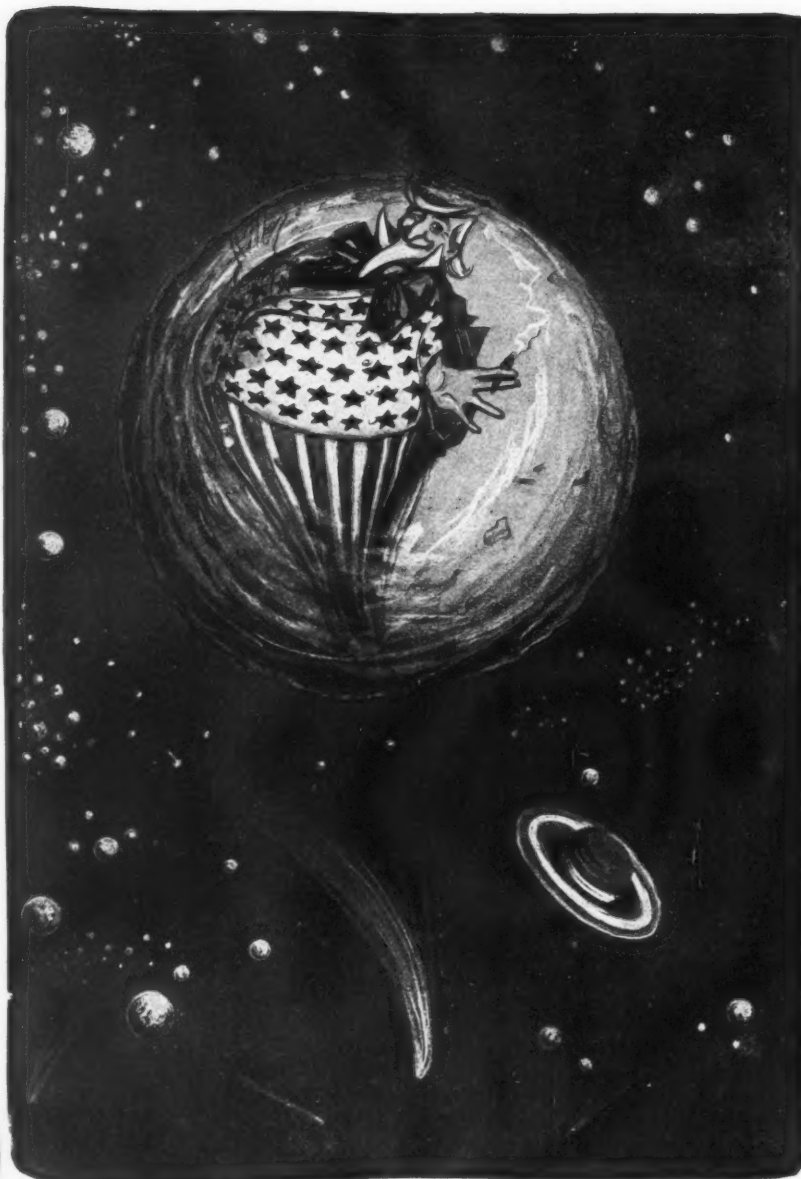
The B. and O. has been trying for years to go through Jersey City to get to New York, but even Jersey City couldn't stand it.

Once they had an observation car on the B. and O., but it made all the passengers cross-eyed, and they had to take it off.

J. P. S.



A. POACHER.



THE EARTH AS SEEN FROM MARS.

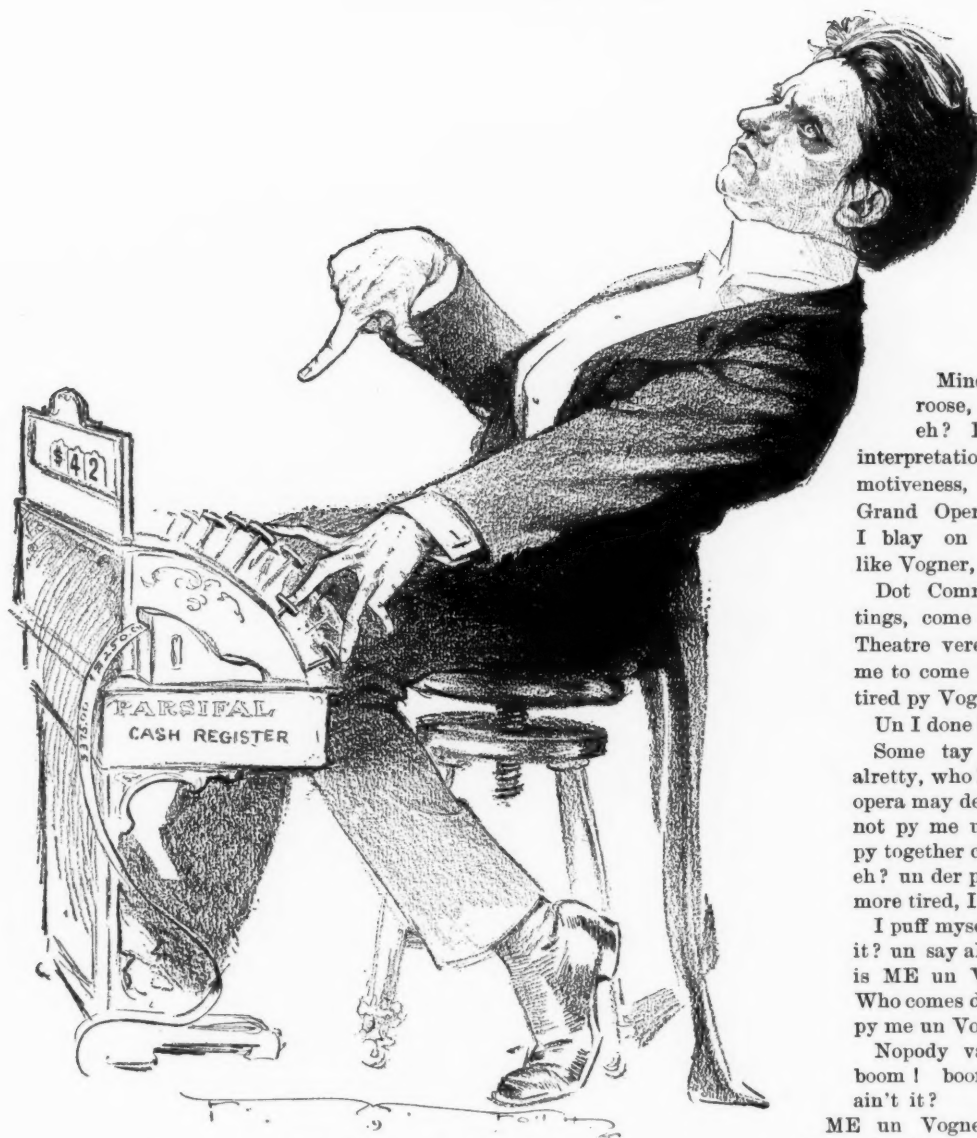
Accompaniment.

AN American who lately came home from Zanzibar had letters to the Sultan, to whom he paid a visit at his country palace. The hospitable despot, solicitous to entertain his guest, showed him the backyard of the palace, where scores of the ladies of the harem were taking their morning ride on an imported

merry-go-round, while a large imported hurdy-gurdy strenuously discoursed "There's Only One Girl in All the World for Me."

FIRST MILLIONAIRE: Don't you think our religion has improved since ancient times?

SECOND M.: Not at all. Why, they used to sacrifice lambs on the altar, and now they take young girls.



"Also I blay on der cash regisder."

Mine brudder Dam-
roose, he is not in it,
eh? Py him, he gives der
interpretatiousness of der Vogner
motiveness, but py me is der
Grand Opera itself, eh? Also
I blay on der cash regisder,
like Vogner, is it?

Dot Committee, vot commits
tings, come by der Irving Place
Theatre vere vas I, un say for
me to come un der people make
tired py Vogner.

Un I done it, ain't it?

Some tay py un py, maype
alretty, who knows? der Sherman
opera may der pack seat take, put
not py me un Vogner. Ve stick
py together closer dan a brudder,
eh? un der people make so mooch
more tired, I don't think.

I puff myselluf vith pride up, is
it? un say all of it I know, vich
is ME un Vogner, py Himmel.
Who comes der Italian moosic for,
py me un Vogner?

Nopody vas I yesterday, put
boom! boom! alretty to-day,
ain't it?

ME un Vogner to-day. Hooray!
Py Jiminy!

Tom Masson.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By CON VOGNERIED.

Dear Leetle Poye un Gyruls: Did you, alretty, hear of von leetle man, py
name pronouncimus Vogner? Vell, Py Jiminy un Himmel, dot is ME.
ME un Vogner, vos is almost like Vogner un me, only it is not so mooch alike
as is, alretty. I am myselluf, von leetle Dootchman, un about me no one knows
yesterday, I don't think. But to-day, vich is of yesterday not the same, alretty
de world knows mooch more of mineself than of Vogner yesterday, eh?

Yesterday, who vas I? I don't know, yet, alretty, so mooch as to-day I am
vat I am, vich Vogner is principally and also yet manager py der Grand Opera.
Yesterday I don't amoont to mooch, is it? But to-day Parsifal un me have into
der world come together. Ve are, vat you call 'em? twins, Parsifal un me, eh?



"METHOUGHT I HEARD A VOICE CRY,
'SLEEP NO MORE!'"



UNCLE SAM'S FIRESIDE.

Uncle Sam: WHERE SHALL I STAND, GENTLEMEN?
The Trusts: OH, GO OVER THERE AND TRY A CORNER.

Poor Willie.



ever, to conceal his feelings. In the emergency his keenly practical mind jumped at the first alternative.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Why didn't you get three?"

"Three!" exclaimed Mrs. Slimson. "What for?"

"Why, one for Willie. I consider," continued Slimson, "that it is of the highest importance that that boy should go to the opera."

Mrs. Slimson looked surprised.

"Why," she said, "I didn't know you thought it was necessary."

"That," replied Slimson, "is only because you don't appreciate how fully I feel my responsibility as a father. That boy certainly ought to begin to go to the opera. His taste needs cultivating. He won't relish it at first, of course. But there is no time like the present. Much as I want to go myself, I think you'd better take him in my place. Willie, what do you say? Now, sir, don't be contrary."

Willie began to cry.

"You see," said Slimson, "how much he needs it. It may be the making of him."

"Perhaps you are right," said Mrs. Slimson, doubtfully.

"Come, Willie," said Slimson, "brace up. It will be a great education for you. Make up your mind to it."

Willie stuck his knuckle in his eye.

"Pop," he said solemnly, "I didn't think you'd be so mean as that. But you can't fool me. I know it must be something awful when you want me to go in your place."



BOUND OVER TO KEEP THE PIECE.



THE FROGVILLE COUNTRY CLUB GIVES AN OPEN-AIR HOP.



Copyright, 1904, by Life Publishing Co.

THE SNOW PRO
I.

IN ORDER TO PRESERVE HIS FIGURE, MR. TAGG BECOMES A PATRON OF THE MAY ART.
TO SOME TITLED FOREIGNERS THE FINE



E SNOOK PROGRESS.

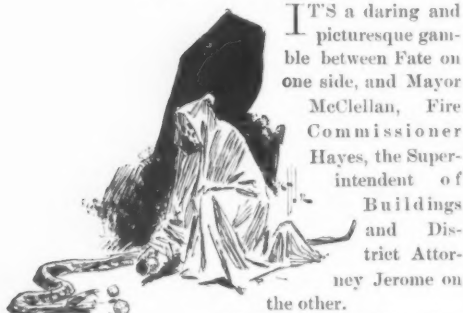
F THE MAY ART. ASSISTED BY HIS INSTRUCTOR, "PATSY, THE PUGG," HE DEMONSTRATES
REIGNERS OF FINE POINTS OF THE GAME.

Some Nursery Advice.

SHUT your mouth,
And open your eyes,
And other people
Will think you wise.



A Game of Chance.



Jointly or severally they
could close

THE SAVOY THEATRE,
THE MANHATTAN THEATRE,
THE BLIQU THEATRE,

THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE
THE PRINCESS THEATRE,
all built under the old law.

The officials named above are betting that during their terms of office no disaster similar to that which occurred in the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago will occur in any of the above-named theatres.

The stake is the lives of men, women and children.

The chances are that the officials will win, and therefore they are comparatively safe in making the bet.

But suppose they should lose!

AND what are the daily newspapers in New York doing to protect the lives of the people?

Are the deadhead privileges and the revenue from theatrical advertising exerting their usual paralyzing influence on journalistic honesty?



NOT to find marital infidelity the basis for a French farcical comedy is such a surprise that, if in other respects the piece is amusing, one is apt to be carried away with delight. That perhaps accounts for the extremely agreeable impression created by "The

Secret of Polichinelle." And the funny thing about it is that in the original the illicit relations on the part of the young couple in the piece were the foundation for the whole story. In fixing the play over to suit the more Puritanical American taste a secret marriage—a legal impossibility for young persons in France—is made to take the place of the more picturesque and plausible cause. This means a distinct loss of interest in the piece. Too much explanation is a serious obstacle to the swift progress necessary in farce fun, and what would, in France, be a perfectly obvious condition of affairs, is here made obscure, the explanations even going so far as a note on the programme concerning the validity of an English marriage in France. Under existing conditions this process is, of course, necessary if we are going to leave our theatre-doors wide open to youths and maidens, but it almost invariably means a loss in artistic value.

The plot hinges on the scheming of a grandfather and grandmother who are devoted to the child of the concealed union between their son and an interesting little maker of artificial flowers. Each knows of the existence of the infant, but supposes the other is ignorant of it. The devices of



GRACE KIMBALL IN "THE SECRET OF POLICHINELLE."

these two elderly persons, living in a beautiful middle-aged devotion to each other, to get to see the youngster naturally inspire suspicion of the motives on either side and the resulting complications may be imagined. The usual French farce resort to hidings in adjoining rooms has to be resorted to hardly at all, and in this respect,

also, the play is a welcome contrast to its imported predecessors.

The piece is well cast. The impersonation of *Jouvenal*, the doting grandfather, is not the greatest triumph of W. H. Thompson's career, but it is a good impersonation; humorous, of course, in the main, but at times almost provoking tears rather than smiles. In the cast are also two other favorites not recently seen in New York—Grace Kimball, formerly of the Lyceum and Mr. Sothern's companies, and W. J. Ferguson, whose abilities in polite eccentric parts are well known. They both have too little to do.

"The Secret of Polichinelle"—why did they translate part of the title and not all?—in its American guise hardly justifies the great vogue it is said to have had abroad. But it is amusing.

YE-PICTURES of the people which one makes for one's self in reading a book are more or less distinct and valuable in the memory. If one really treasures them, it is wise to keep away from stage interpretation

of the book-author's creations. The grease-paint reproduction is never better to us than the word hero or heroine one pictures for one's self, and often is the means of destroying a precious mental picture.

We cannot quarrel with the actor or actress who in this fails to live up to our imaginations. Our own drawing is the only one which is, or can be, satisfactory to ourselves, and the actor is very likely to offend us. From the author he is likely to draw a conception very different to ours, and in addition has to bring it down from the airy nothingness of thought to the actuality of flesh, blood and clothes. More than that, between him and the author frequently comes that child of Sathanas, the carpenter-dramatist, who can fit any book to any stage and any company of actors, doing the job with neatness and dispatch, while the manager waits, hat and check in hand.

We frankly admit that *The Virginian* of Mr. Dustin Farnum is not *The Virginian* of Mr. Owen Wister's book by the same name as we have pictured him. But although Mr. Farnum's *Virginian* is not exactly our *Virginian*, it does not necessarily mean that he is not a very good *Virginian* indeed. His deliberation, his shyness, the cowboy round-shoulderedness seem a little bit too much exaggerated for even his conception of the character. He doesn't seem to be exactly a natural leader and commander of men as

The Virginian is pictured. There is no denying the winning way he gives the part. In this he uses his fine eyes, brilliant teeth and irresistible smile to most excellent effect. These make him a type readily understandable as winning the affections of those with whom he comes in contact, but not as the cowboy upon whom would spontaneously alight the choice as the leader of a lynching party. But his performance is an unusual one, and it will be interesting to watch the future of his career. He may prove to be one of those real artists who occasionally flash out of the nothingness into the here.

The play is uneven. For the first two acts it promises to be ordinary Western drama with the incidents of Mr. Wister's book as a basis. Then it jumps into really absorbing melodrama, and just skirting the danger of being absorbed in a whirlpool of commonplace, ends with a quick rush of dramatic action. With the exception of Mr. Farnum's interesting depiction and a forceful impersonation of *Steve* by Mr. Guy Bates Post, the acting in the main is of the ten-twenty-thirty school.

"*The Virginian*" is very far from being the worst dramatization of a novel ever made. It certainly holds the interest.



THE lot of the American critic who would like to be kindly, but also feels compelled to be truthful, is not entirely a felicitous one. His pleasant adjectives grow rusty through disuse. Every one, except those with whom he eats, gets the impression that his diet consists solely of strung vinegar and sharp-pointed tacks. He has a score of enemies to every friend. If he would walk free of the reproachful or vengeful eye, he must choose the side streets. The wives of actors, playwrights and managers use his name to frighten their children when they are naughty. His own family at times regard him as a misguided member of the flock. Religious bodies must consider his a lost soul, because they never seek to enroll him in their membership. The aberration of which he is suspected is not sufficient to gain for him the, at least, interesting companionship of the insane asylum, and as correct criticism has not yet been made a penal offence, he is denied the close association with his kind which goes with confinement in a prison. He reads of the life of the isolated lepers with the sympathy of knowledge and recognizes in Ishmael a kindred soul. He might like to say pleasant things in a pleasant way, but he is powerless in the face of mediocrity, mediocrity, always mediocrity.

TAKE, for instance, "*Ranson's Folly*," by Mr. Richard Harding Davis. Mr. Davis is one of our junior writers whose books find a ready sale. Magazine editors clamor for his short stories, and newspaper editors are continually sending him to seats of wars and other hazardous places to send back interesting tales for them to print. He has traveled much and mixed with all kinds and conditions. For years he has devoted himself to writing. One might naturally expect to find a play from his pen incentive to laudatory criticism. What is the fact? "*Ranson's Folly*" is not absolutely bad, nor is it especially good, technically, from the dramatist's viewpoint, or in a literary way, from that of the writer. It is simply commonplace, instead of the commandingly good thing one has a right to expect from a man of Mr. Davis's experience and from his commercial successes as a writer. He creates a hero who is a condemned fool from the civilian's point of view, and an impossibility in any military establishment except that of the Bashi Bazuks. His mature villain is so stupid that he could never possibly have been out of the hands of the police for more than a few minutes at a time. The impossible

innocence of his heroine puts that of *Little Eva* to the blush. It even strains the natural sweetness of Miss Sandol Milliken, to whom its enacting is entrusted. His army officers are evidently modeled on the military career of Doctor Wood. The improbabilities and impossibilities of his plot recall the bottom of a sieve.

If "*Ranson's Folly*" is a fair sample of the possible dramatic product of American literature of the present day, dramatic criticism should be written by the reporters of such artistic events as dog-fights and county fairs.

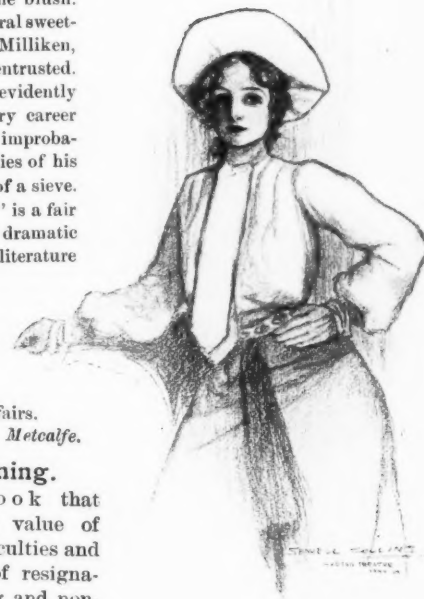
Metcalf.

Proper Training.

"HERE'S a book that teaches the value of patience under difficulties and the twin doctrines of resignation under suffering and non-resistance."

"Then I must read it. My wife is going to take me to 'Parsifal.'"

SANDOL MILLIKEN IN "*RANSON'S FOLLY*."



LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Academy of Music.—"Checkers." Melodrama of Western and racing life. Slangy, but amusing.

Belasco.—"Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Henrietta Crosman in gorgeously staged sentimental comedy.

Broadway.—"The Medal and the Maid." Conventional English musical comedy not particularly good nor especially well done.

Empire.—"The Other Girl." American comedy by Augustus Thomas. Laughable and clever.

Garden.—"Zangwill's 'Merely Mary Ann,' with Miss Eleanor Robson in the title part. Delightful.

Garrick.—"Annie Russell in 'The Younger Mrs. Parling.'"

Herald Square.—"The Girl from Kay's." Laughable musical comedy. Tuneful.

Hudson.—"Robert Edson in 'Ranson's Folly.' See above.

Lyceum.—"The Admirable Crichton." Barrie's fling at English social inequalities. Amusing.

Lyric.—"Ada Rehan and Otis Skinner in 'The Merchant of Venice.'"

Madison Square.—"The Secret of Polichinelle." See opposite.

Majestic.—"Babes in Toyland." Amusing, musical and brilliant in staging.

New Amsterdam.—"Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger present 'Mother Goose.' Elaborate but uninteresting spectacle.

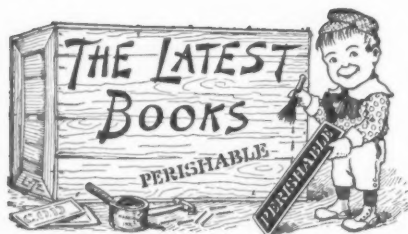
New York.—"Chauncey Olcott in 'Terence.' Irish romantic drama well done.

Princess.—"Raffles" and "The Sacrament of Judas," with Kyrie Bellew as the star. Worth seeing.

Savoy.—"Robert Hilliard in 'That Man and I.'"

Vaudeville.—"Arnold Daly in Bernard Shaw's 'Candida' and 'The Man of Destiny.' Artistic. Excellent.

Wallack's.—"The County Chairman." Shrewd comedy of American politics.



A HANDSOME and interesting volume by Edmund von Mach has just appeared upon *Greek Sculpture, Its Spirit and Its Principles*, in which the author attempts to reconstruct the aims and attitude of the Greek art world by deductive reasoning from modern psychological theories. Whatever may be the absolute value of his conclusions, his method is a most efficient one for rehumanizing the demigods of Art and reawakening individual judgment. (Ginn and Company, Boston.)

Emerson Hough, in the series of connected essays, controversial, historical and biographical, which he calls *The Way to the West*, presents a remarkably convincing interpretation of the spirit of the pioneer. On the other hand, his sense of proportion is much disturbed by his enthusiasm, his method of historical perspective is decidedly Chinese, and few will agree with his conception of the true American or mourn the disappearance of the type he celebrates, with the passing of the conditions which gave it birth. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

There is much quiet fun at the expense of poor old human nature in the eighteen sketches in *The Literary Sense*, by E. Nesbit. This "literary sense," to which Mrs. Bland refers, is the feeling for effect and love of pose bred of native vanity and a large consumption of cheap novels. The stories show a quick perception of human foibles, joined to a kindly humor and a nice "literary sense" of the legitimate variety. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Another volume of good stories, told by Morley Roberts, bears the title of *The Promotion of the Admiral*, and is mostly concerned with the activities of one Shanghai Smith, sailors' boarding-house keeper and crimp, of San Francisco. The tales are racy with the pungent flavor of the forecastle, and, from whatsoever breadths of whole cloth they may be cut, bear the unmistakable trade-mark of the rasping tongue and ready fists of the elemental brute afloat. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

J. Storer Clauston, the author of the amusing *Adventures of M. d'Haricot*, is less amusing and less original in his new story, *Our Lady's Inn*. The heroine of the latter,

like the hero of the *Adventures*, seeks safety and oblivion in London and a disguise; but about M. d'Haricot there was a new flavor, a dash of caricature, a touch of satire, the constant fillip of the unexpected, while the tale of Barbara Cheyne is unconventional but obvious. Nevertheless, it suffers rather by comparison with Mr. Clauston's other book than with the general run of its contemporaries and contains one or two excellent characters. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

In hours of idleness, where once my lord summoned his dwarf, we moderns call for a book. Archibald Eyre's London story of love, politics and society, *The Tripter*, light of touch and quick in action, never improbable, yet never wholly serious, stands ready to play court jester to such moods. (The Smart Set Publishing Company. \$1.50.)

Robin Hood, His Book, in which Eva March Tappan gives, in excellently chosen prose, a large number of tales and legends

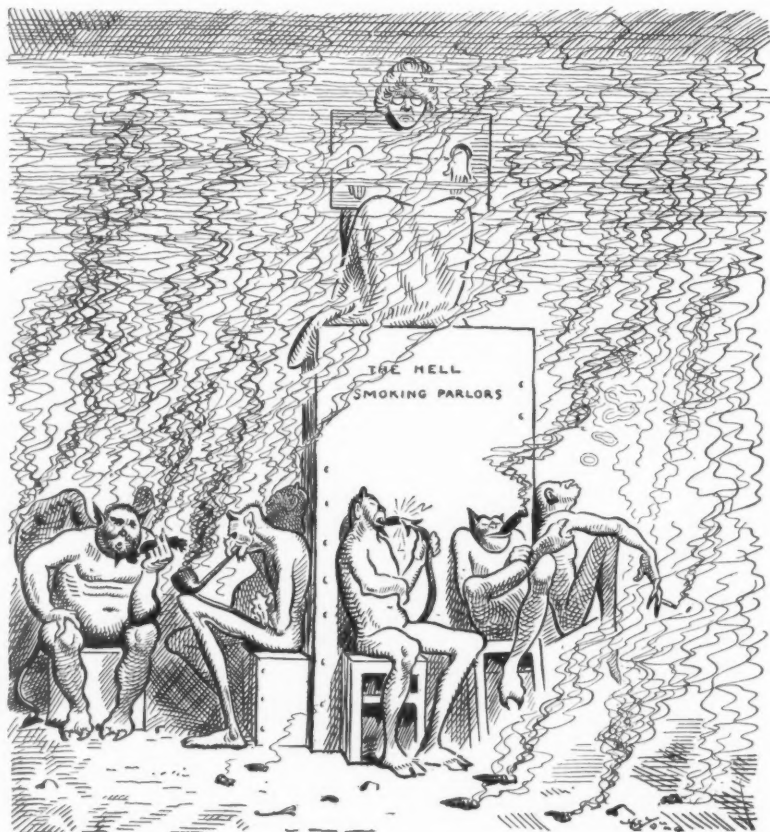
gathered from many sources, should prove a fascinating book for young readers, while Charlotte Harding's artistic illustrations in color are an added attraction. (Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.) J. B. Kerfoot.

Not Quite Right.

THE *Review of Reviews* lately reported the President as saying:

In John Hay I have a great Secretary of State; in Philander Knox I have a great Attorney-General; in other Cabinet posts I have great men.

Mistaken, Mr. President. You have no great Hay, no great Knox, no great men whatever. It is the country that has them. They are not your men; they are ours. They are not working for you; they are working for us, just as you are. You should not make breaks like these. It makes people laugh. But if you must speak like a king, at least choose a time when there is no one near who will rush your words into type.



SNAPSHOTS IN HADES.

A PUNISHMENT SUGGESTED BY A HELPLESS MAN WHOSE WIFE WON'T ALLOW HIM TO SMOKE IN THE HOUSE.

Queyps on Pepys.

(A London paper announces that the proper pronounciation of Pepys is discovered to be "Pips.")

LET us rejoice when now we read
The works of Samuel Pepys,
That his odd name no
longer need
To tremble on our lepys.

Henceforth we shall not blunder through
The honored name of Pepys,
But speak the word as one does, who
Through graceful measures trepys.

Time was, we may as well confess,
When just the sight of Pepys
In print would fill us with distress
And make us think of skepys.

It is not "Peps," nor "Pepys"—No,
The proper way is "Pepys."
Let us pronounce it always so
And never lose our grepys.

W. D. Nesbit.

Must Economize.

"LET me see," mused the young man. "I sent her a New Year's remembrance, and here is St. Valentine's Day coming on. That will cost me something. After that there will be Easter flowers, and then her birthday is in June. Later, there will have to be drives and theatres and candy and flowers and books, and first thing I know it will be Christmas again, and once more I'll think of bankruptcy. On the whole, I believe the sensible thing to do will be to marry her."

Poor Philadelphia!

AS the winter deepens, Philadelphia is becoming more and more sensible of the delights of being a way station on the great Pennsylvania Road. Philadelphians returning from afar, with visions of domestic joys ahead, find themselves dumped somewhere in that wild suburban waste which lies west of the Schuylkill, and far from their happy homes. They have long known that such a region existed; but exploring suburbs is not a Philadelphia custom; and this desolate tract, surrounded by yawning chasms, is the last spot on which they would voluntarily set foot. The tunnel in which they are forced to alight

THE SNOW MAN'S DOWNFALL.



is not wholly dissimilar to Dante's hell, as presented by Sir Henry Irving—full of dim lights, and curling smoke, and hideous noises, and lost souls wandering confusedly in the gloom. Through this place of horror pass countless suburban trains on their way to the city's heart; but into these the

homebound traveler is not permitted to enter. He sees them speed by to comfort and to safety, as he gropes his way through subterranean labyrinths up into the light of day. A grim waiting-room decorated with spittoons, a stand for the accommodation of absent cabs, an unfamiliar street that looks as if it had been recently upheaved by an earthquake meet his dejected gaze. Hunger may be gnawing his vitals, but he is miles away from food. Cold may be chilling his blood. He will be colder still, faring eastward on the back platform of a trolley car,—presuming he is so fortunate as to find a foothold. In the event of a snowstorm, his fate is sealed. It is the plain duty of the Humane Society to import a few robust St. Bernard dogs, to be used exclusively in tracking the patrons of the Pennsylvania Railroad, lost on their homeward way.

If it be Mr. Cassatt's purpose to counteract that love of comfort and luxury which we are told is eating away the soul of our nation, he has shown himself to be as potent and as resourceful as Lyeurgus. Under his Spartan rule Philadelphians are growing every day more splendidly strenuous and profane. Perhaps, until the race is wholly inured to hardships, some ameliorating measures might be permissible. A line of omnibuses might be started, to convey Pennsylvania Railway passengers into Philadelphia; and a coffee and sandwich van might be located by philanthropists outside the station door.

Agnes Repplier.

Protection.

THE protective policy, which Mr. Chamberlain is getting the English to adopt, is easily worth while for its own sake, as the good crops and the lovely weather we are having in this country amply attest.

But that is by no means all.

Protection is worth money to those who have money. In this way protection brings money into politics, until presently we have the condition whereby nothing can be done in politics without money.

This condition is probably more to be relied on by the existing order than a million stout soldiers.

Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS rises in Barrett Wendell's back yard, and flows thence in an easterly direction through Harvard College football field, and empties into the Back Bay. It is bounded on the north by the Transcendental Æsthetic, on the east by the *Atlantic Monthly*, on the south by Charles Eliot Norton, and on the west by the Chicago University. Massachusetts is the only State in the Union where a man can be a religious infidel and retain the respect of every one.

Massachusetts is noted for pie, pugilism and peripatetics. It seceded from Mary Baker Eddy some years ago and is now only a limited beanery, with no claims on any one.

Massachusetts has for its trade-mark the Massachusetts face, known all over the world. A man with a Massachusetts face is welcome wherever there is a text-book.

Massachusetts raises beliefs, cranks and old maids. When a man visits Massachusetts he can steer clear of beliefs, can learn to avoid cranks, but the old maids will get him if he doesn't watch out.

Massachusetts is the only state of mind we have. It is divided into two parts—Boston and the overflow. When you are born in Boston a physician calls and presents you with a college degree, after which you are fully equipped to live in New York and look down on the barbarians of that gambling district.

T. M.

A Letter.

DEAR LIFE: I have been an interested reader of your criticism on the advancement of Brigadier-General Wood to be a Major-General of the United States Army, and I would like to learn through the columns of your paper if it is not true that all the Brigadiers on the list above General Wood are retired, so that General Wood is now the senior active General on the list of Brigadier-Generals. If this is so, then the criticism should be made of President McKinley for appointing General Wood in the first place, and not of President Roosevelt for the advance, which is only just. Yours truly,

PROVIDENCE, R. I., January 8, 1904.

Frank A. Tibbets.

If President McKinley gave General Wood too much promotion, that mistake is not corrected by giving him more. Why not let him stay put awhile among the Brigadiers? Who is to blame for Wood's too rapid advance is a matter of secondary importance. The important thing is to stop him.

BRIGGS: There go the Swathers. They are very exclusive, I believe.

GRIGGS: Yes; they travel in a private car, private carriages and private yachts.

"I see. Everything about them is private except their lives."

"WHAT comfort do you get out of being a Fatalist?"

"Don't you think it is a comfort to know that you couldn't help making an ass of yourself?"



THE MILITARY HERO.



"In the days of crinoline."

On the Portrait of an Ancestress.

FAIR you look, and fascinating,
Dainty ancestress of mine;
Doubtless some, without debating,
Called your laughing eyes "divine."
To this world, had fate so voted,
Had I earlier entered in,
I'd have been "your most devoted,"
In the days of crinoline.

Lovely seem your ribboned tresses
Drawn demurely o'er each ear;
But your dress!—of all queer dresses
'Tis the acme of the queer!
Stays!—but stay! had I beseeched it,—
An embrace the dance within,—
Your slim waist, could I have reached it,
In the days of crinoline?

Had we gone to walk together
On the hillside or the plain,
What a vast expanse of weather
Would have gaped betwixt us twain!
Steel my bosom to resist you?—
Nay, but that could not have been!
Yet how could I e'er have kissed you
In the days of crinoline?

Clinton Scollard.



CUT OUT THE KING.



UNCLE SAM COGITATING.

Et Johnny Bull owned Panama

Would I be thar with ships and sich,
Preparin' fur to dig my ditch
An' eggin' on my friends tu war?

Et William, Emperor by God's grace,
Owned a square foot in that 'ere clime
Would my marines be markin' time
Round there or in some other place?

Et in that picturesque morass
John Crapeau in profoundest peace
Was croaken uv the Marsellaise
Would I go pokin' raound the grass?

Wall, I dunno, I reckon not,
But these 'ere chaps are small, ye see,
An' they just know how big I be,
An' what a critter I'm when hot.

Traditions? Huh! an' treaties—bosh!
In this free land it's might that's right!
An' I'm jest dyin' fur a fight,
Fur I'm almighty naouw, b'gosh.

—New Haven Register.

A MEMBER of Parliament in Australia recently received from an indignant constituent, who had asked him in vain for a "billet" (a job in politics), the following unique letter: "Deer Sur: You're a dam fraud, and you know it. I don't care a rap for the billet or for the muney either, but I object to bein' made an infernil fool of. Soon as you was elected by my hard-working friends a feller wanted to bet me that you wouldn't be in the house moren a week before you made a ass of youself. I bet him a Cow on that, as I thought you was worth it

then. After I got your nose sayin' you deklined to aekt in the matter i druv the Cow over to the Feller's place an' tole him he had won her. That's orl I got by howlin' meself horse for you. You not only hurt a man's Pride, but you injure him in biz-



BUSINESS HAS HAD A BLACK EYE,
TO THE GOLF LINKS ALL THE MEN FLEYE.
THEY'VE BOUNCED ALL THE LADDIES,
AND HAVE GIRLS NOW FOR CADDIES;
AND THEY'RE EIGHTEEN AND PRETTY—THAT'S WHEYE.

ness. I believe you take a pleshir in cuttin' your best friends, but wate till the clouds roll by an' they'll cut you—just behind the Ear, where the butcher cuts the pig. Yure no man. Yure only a tule. Go to hel. I lowers meself ritin' to a skunk, even tho I med him a member of Parliament."—Argonaut.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

His Pa's Romance. A new volume of verse by James Whitcomb Riley. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.00.)

The House of Life. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. A very beautiful edition. (H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston. \$2.50.)

Marriage in Epigram. Being a volume of quotations compiled by Frederick W. Morton. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago.)

Songs of Southern Scenes. By Louis M. Elshemus. (Eastman Lewis. \$1.50.)

Tobacco Leaves. By John Bain, Jr. (H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston.)

The City of the King. A description of the Holy Land, as it was and as it is, by Mrs. Lew Wallace. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.00.)

A Christmas Stocking. By Annie Flint. (Bonnell, Silver and Company.)

Poems. By Josephine Daskam. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism. By F. V. R. Painter. (Ginn and Company, Boston. 90c.)

The Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Plancus. By Henry A. Beers. New edition. (Henry Holt and Company.)

Fancies. By Henry A. Wise Wood. (W. J. Ritchie.)

The Odes of Anacreon. Translated by Thomas Moore. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.)

A Book of American Humorous Verse. (Herbert S. Stone and Company, Chicago.)

A Book of American Prose Humor. (Herbert S. Stone and Company, Chicago.)

The Eternal Laughter and Other Poems. By W. Starling Burgess. (W. B. Clarke Company, Boston.)

Random Verse. By Herman Knickerbocker Vielé. (Brentano's.)

The Failure of Jesus and His Triumph. (The Argus Press, Red Wing, Minnesota. \$1.00.)

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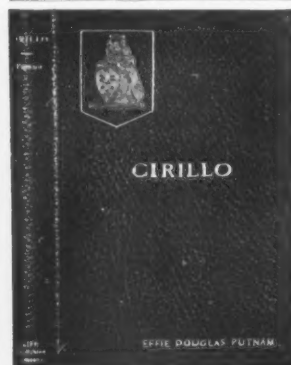
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• LIFE •



A FISH STORY.

A fishy old fisher named Fischer
Fished fish from the edge of a fissure;
A cod, with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in—
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.
—Cincinnati Tribune.

MRS. JONES: What are you thinking of making of your son Willie?

MRS. BROWN: I've made up my mind that he shall be a stock broker. You'd ought to see how smart he is at playing Pit.

—Boston Transcript.

MAMIE: What is biology?

GLADYS: I suppose it's the science of shopping.
—Chicago Daily News.

THIS is the kind of weather that makes one long for the Sunny South, but not without its luxuries and creature comforts. The Hotel Chamberlin, at Old Point Comfort, fills the "long-felt want." Try it.

MRS. BUGGINS: I don't feel at all comfortable in these new shoes.

MR. BUGGINS: What's the matter; don't they hurt?—Philadelphia Record.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

HUSBAND: What! A hundred dollars for an opera cloak? Why, it is perfectly ridiculous, my dear.

WIFE: Yes, I know it is; but you said you couldn't afford an expensive one.—Chicago Daily News.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best Inn South.

A CLASS of little girls at school was asked the meaning of the word "philosopher." Most of the hands were extended, but one child seemed specially anxious to tell.

"Well, Annie, what is a philosopher?" asked the teacher.

"A man that rides a philosopepe," was the little girl's answer.—Christian Advocate.

DIGESTION's greatest aid—Abbott's—the Original Angostura Bitters. A "nip" before and after every meal gives appetite and helps digestion.—Abbott's.

McJIGGER: Hedley is a most extraordinary fellow. We were talking about a multi-millionaire to-day.

THINGUMBOB: Yes?

"Yes, and he didn't once remark, 'Well, with all his millions, I don't think he's any happier than I am.'"—Philadelphia Press.

WHEN you drink Champagne, drink the very best, Cook's Imperial Extra Dry. It always satisfies, never disappoints.

IN discussing lawyers, one day, Disraeli wittily remarked: "Everybody knows the stages of a lawyer's career—he tries in turn to get on, to get honors, to get honest."—Argonaut.

MRS. MISFIT: Charles, do you think I am gowned well enough for the reception?

MR. MISFIT: Yes; how am I coated and panted?—Chicago Record-Herald.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Then here's to thee, old friend; and long
May thou and I thus meet,
To brighten still with glass and song
This short life ere it fleet."

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Names.

BELINDA and Rebecca,
Mehetabel and Sue,
Hannah and Amanda,
What has become of you?

Once glorious in hoop and curl,
With modest maiden grace
You led our fathers such a dance
They scarce could keep the pace.

I wonder, if you came again,
With parted dusky hair,
And no three-storied pompadour,
If they'd still think you fair?

If ping-pong youths, and those that steer
The wary auto-car,
Golf fiends and gridiron-champions,
Would let you stand afar?

Or if the Vassar tailor-mades,
The Bryn Mawr stunning whips,
Or Chicago's jockey sweaters would
Your old-time grace eclipse?

No, though you never made a tee,
Nor held a handle-bar,
And though your tender feelings would
Have fled a football star.

Belinda and Rebecca,
Mehetabel and Sue,
Hannah and Amanda,
They still would worship you!

Alice R. Corbin.

The Ghost of Banquo.

IT was the second act of a drama. The first was laid away on a shelf, with some newspapers over it to keep the dust off. Rencourt, the playwright, was pacing back and forth the narrow limits of his room, with his hands behind him and his head thrown back. As he flung out an arm here and there, as he muttered and clinched his teeth, rolled his eyes and glared into space, he might well have been taken for a madman pacing the confines of his cell. The faint echo of the trolley cars, coming up from the city street far below, and the low knock on his door made no impression on his emotion-wrought senses. His mutterings continued, he strode back and forth, upsetting a chair in his path, and the knock was repeated.

It was followed at once by the door opening and revealing the typical boarding-house keeper.

She eyed Rencourt with malice and some suspicion, as though holding her own opinion of his sanity. This changed to surprise as, turning in his walk, he faced her, and went on with his rantings, his face red, the eyes bleared and strained, making no apparent note of her presence.

She stood motionless a minute, and then personal grievance getting the better of awe, raised her voice to a high key, as though to claim his attention by the force of her ire.

"Is this thing to be kept up any longer? Where's my rent? I'll have no more of your promises. I've a sick husband and five children, and I can't keep the likes of you any longer. Besides which, doing damage to my furniture," striding over and picking up the overturned



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· LIFE ·



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chair. "I'll have an officer of the law up here and we'll see if a poor woman—"

"Here you, get out, get out I say." The playwright came down wrathfully out of the clouds. He pushed the woman before him, his hand on her chest; she attempted to scream, but he continued pushing her backward until she reached the door, when he took his watch from the mantel and flung it out into the corridor, gave her another shove, and then, releasing her, removed a ring from his little finger and threw it after the watch, saying, as he shut the door, "There! Let that settle it." He went back to his pacing nowise disturbed.

There was silence outside the door after the woman's retreating steps. Inside, the man's strides kept pace with the feverish workings of his brain, his breath came quick and rasping, and his eyes grew bloodshot with the strain which starvation, fever and the fight of genius against the world wrought upon him. As night settled down, he arose from the table where he had flung himself down to work out the plot which the afternoon had seen thought out, lived and enacted in that room, and like a thief in the night he slunk out, winding his way through the gay crowds of the pleasure-thronged streets, and hieing into the low alleys where, by stripping the clothes from his back, he defied nature through the pawnshop, so long as he had the means to hold out. He brought back bread to his room, and so through the night went on at his plot, sitting by the table with a wet towel around his head, and living and talking with the people of his dreams. Soon his mutterings became ravings, his cries, screams, and his body had transferred itself from the table to the bed, and was lying there tossing about, writhing and twisting in the throes of delirium. The landlady had again mounted the three flights and stood in the doorway with a kerosene lamp held high.

"Here you," she called down to her husband. "Send one of the brats for the doctor, and I guess it's the ambulance they'll be wanting. I'll have no black diphtheria or smallpox or whatever in a respectable boardin' house."

Two days later, the doctor had had the man removed to one of the city hospitals. The landlady had flung the scattered manuscripts in a table drawer and had righted the room for its second occupant, who proved to be a young man of refined but seedy appearance, with a face like that of a poet of the tender lyric school and the air of an aspiring milksoy. He, also, was poor in pocket, desired fame, but pursued it gently, timidly, ever looking backward like a fearful schoolboy, expecting a clutch from the rear. The landlady came up condescendingly in response to his gentle summons one day, and informed him in answer to his question, that the papers found in the drawer belonged to the former occupant, who had been sent to the hospital sick of a fever, and died there a few days after.

"Nothing contagious. You needn't be afeered. Jest lack er food the doctor said."

The boarder smiled wanly and looked down at his pallid hands clasped loosely before him,

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over which the frayed sleeve hung down, guiltless of cuff.

"Had he anyone belonging to him?"

"No," answered the landlady, "he had told her onct when he first come, that he was alone in the world, without kin, cat nor dog belongin' to him. An' she guessed he'd been bangin' around from pillar ter post 'fore ever he came there, he looked that frayed and worn-out. But he was powerful in his actin's and ravin's, and she guessed he cared for no man."

In spite of the imagination of the landlady, Rencourt did not die, but after weeks of lingering fever, emerged from the hospital weak and listless, poor in pocket as ever, but again introduced into a world in which he must renew the struggle for place, power and fame.

As his uncertain steps guided him falteringly down a thoroughfare, past one of the prominent theatres, he caught the name of his own play upon which he had been working—which he had nearly, yes, finally—he passed his hand across his brow—finished the night he had been taken sick—in large type on one of the billboards.

He stood and looked at it.

This was one of his fever dreams. Then he was still sick. Had he never recovered? Was he still in bed? Would he wake and find one of the nurses bending over him? He looked for the name of the playwright. It was not his! He felt his pulses quicken; the old throb began again in his temples. Yes, he was still delirious. He would wake up in the hospital. But he hung around the theatre all day with flushed face, and at night, with a few stray pennies which he found in his pockets, he bought a ticket and went in.

It was a first night. A new play and a new playwright, and the pit was filled with critics and reporters and a fashionable throng of gayly-bedecked women. Several men were lounging at the back, and as the curtain rose on the first act, one man came half-way down the aisle at the extreme left and stood leaning against a pillar. By his eager, strained expression and heavy breathing he attracted some attention, which was soon turned to the stage, however, and the usher abandoned his attempt to urge the man's withdrawal to a more secluded stand.

From the first it was a success; it was the play of the season. The name of its author was assured from the beginning of a cleverly-portrayed, masterly-wrought bit of realism, which showed convincingly the touch of an artist hand and the power of a genius.

The man by the post grew quieter as the play progressed. His breathing became less labored and almost seemed to suspend itself in the intensity of his absorption. The acting of those in the leading rôles, which so successfully interpreted the author's intention, seemed to draw him out of himself and give him keen delight. In scene after scene of clever exhibition of power on the actors' and actresses' parts, he exhibited his appreciation by low exultant laughs or in-drawn breaths. His expression became more animated and excited, and at the final fall of the curtain, as the thunderous applause broke forth,

(Continued on second page following.)



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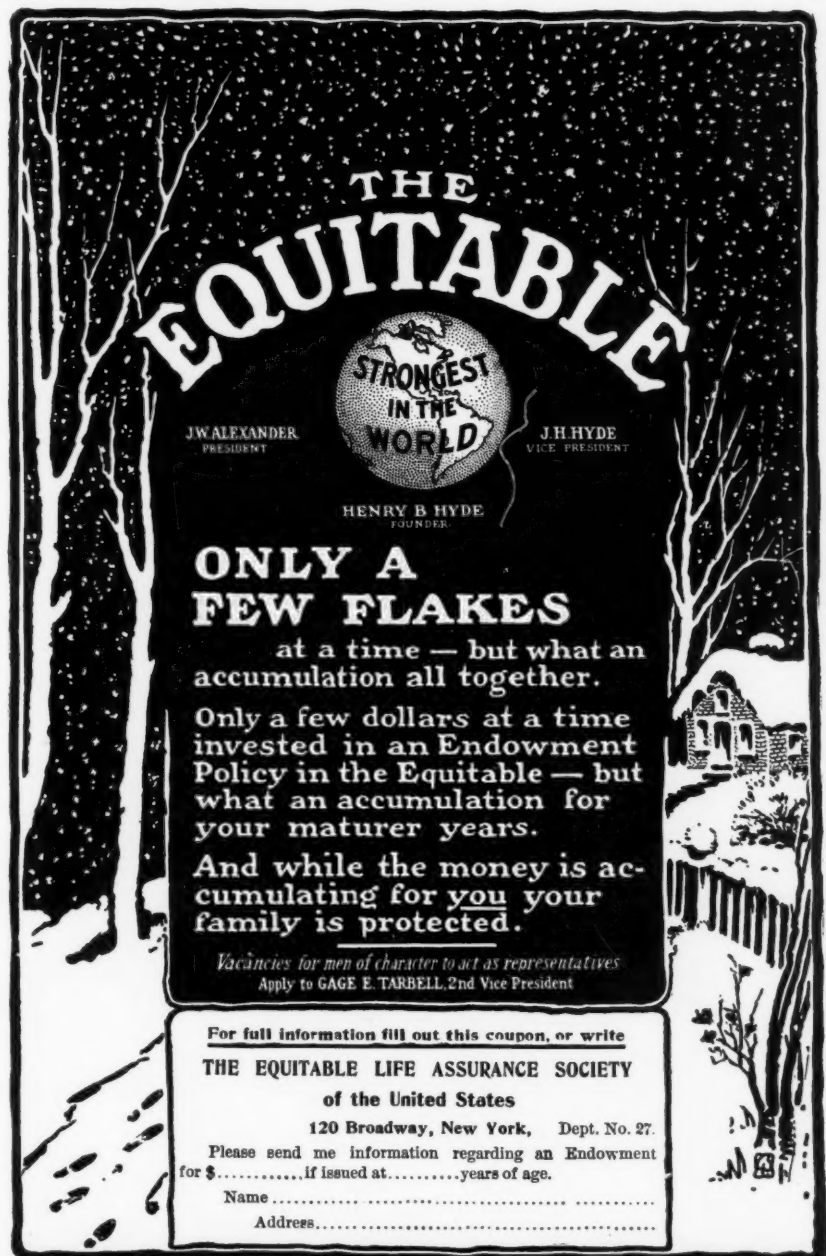
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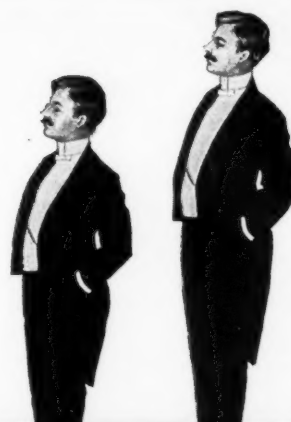


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he seemed beside himself with agitation and delight.

And then a strange thing happened.

In a hush of the applause, before it renewed itself for a second outbreak, the man seemed recalled to himself. A look of wonder and amaze took possession of him. He glared around at the surrounding assemblage which, unconscious of his presence, had its face turned toward the stage, where the loud hand-clappings and recalls demanded the appearance of the successful author.

In a moment the curtain at the side parted.

There was a hush. A young man stepped modestly forward. He was attenuated, pale, pink and white; he was dapper and depreciative. He had a white carnation in his buttonhole, and he bent his head humbly to the thunder of applause which burst forth again at his appearance. Perhaps he was also a trifle agitated.

And then, a tall, frenzied man sprang down the aisle, leaped upon the stage and grappled with the young man standing there, before the audience had time to draw its breath or account for the strange proceeding. Over they rolled together, the strong man crushing the younger in his frenzied clasp. The audience sprang to its feet, women screamed, men from the orchestra leaped to the stage to lend their assistance, stagehands rushed from behind the scenes, and the struggling men were dragged to the side of the stage and through the wings out of sight. They were followed by a throng of spritely and nimble reporters.

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count of the strange appearance of a madman, who had lately been released from one of the hospitals where he had been confined for several weeks in a delirium of fever. A relapse of the fever, coming on during his attendance at the new play, and no doubt assisted thereto by the tension and excitement attendant upon the close of a first night of so wonderful a production, had caused his strange attack upon the playwright.

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• LIFE •



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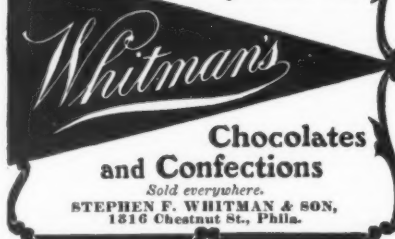
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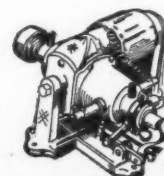
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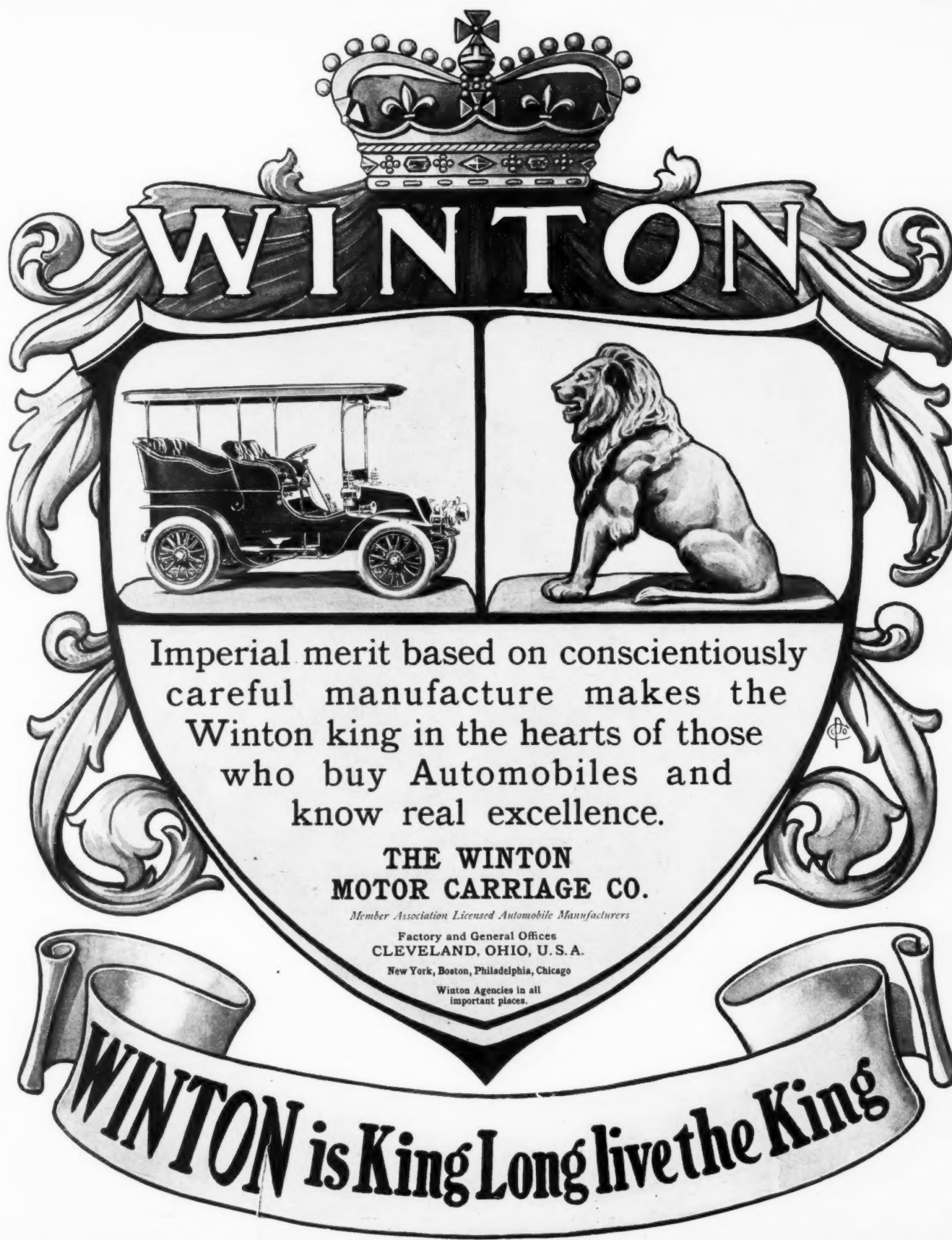
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